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THE FACULTY AS CONSTITUTED IN 1901—1902.

Latin School Register

VOLUME XXII., No. 10

JUNE, 1903

ISSUED MONTHLY

A D R E A M O F T H E S E A

(A DRIFTING SONG.)

The evening wind breathes softly o'er the sea,
And gently lifts the hair about the brow ;
The hushed waves swell in calm and peaceful
sleep,

And silence holds the deep so quiet now.

Let us drift, drift, drift

In twilight rest ;

Let us shift, shift, shift

From crest to crest ;

Drawing in the evening cool,

Evening quiet, soft and cool,

Drifting into rest.

The waves lap softly 'gainst the drifting boat,

And whisper fancies, vague and far away,

While on we drift with eyes half-closed, and
hear

The wavelets laughing 'round us at their play.

Let us drift, drift, drift

O'er the sea ;

Let us shift, shift, shift,

Careless, free ;

Listening to the wavelets' play,

Wavelets laughing at their play,

Drifting o'er the sea.

The western sky is all aflame with light ;

The rippling sea lies radiant in the glow,

Like some vast grotto domed with lofty vault,

Aglow with rosy light, where we drift slow.

Let us drift, drift, drift

On forever ;

Let us shift, shift, shift,

Ceasing never ;

Drifting through the crimson light,

Onward to the gates of light,

Drifting ever.

R. T. P., '05.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP LIFE

OF all the Massachusetts regiments the Fifth and the Eighth were the only ones who did not see active service in the late war. It is of the Fifth that I would speak in particular. Finely equipped, excellently trained, with good officers and stalwart, manly men, it surely would have rendered a good account of itself. They wanted to fight, and were eager to see active service, but all that the regiment experienced was the more disagreeable part of campaigning, the constant

waiting in camp for something to be done. It was more trying than actual fighting, this lounging around in camp waiting either to be sent to the front, or to be mustered out.

The regiment spent about three months in Camp Dalton, at Framingham, and in September went to Camp Meade, near Harrisburg, Penna., where at one time there were over twenty thousand men encamped. The regiment then went to Greenville, South Carolina, by special trains. There were three separate

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sections, a section to each battalion, and there were enough cars so that each man could have a whole seat to himself. The regiment left Camp Meade at noon November 15, and arrived in Greenville the morning of the eighteenth. Of course this was slow time, but the trains often had to be sidetracked to let the regular trains pass. The regiment arrived in a pouring rain, but gave a parade through the city streets in spite of the rough welcome from the "Sunny South." A detail of officers and men had already been sent ahead to lay tent floors and have things ready as far as possible. Only a few of the tents, however, had been put up, and the men, after a two-mile march from the city, arrived soaking wet and had to put them up themselves. That night there was not much sleep, the time being spent in trying to get dried off.

The city of Greenville is situated in the northwestern corner of the state, right under the lee of the mountains. This accounted somewhat for the bad weather, for, incredible as it may seem, during the four months and a little over that the regiment was there, at least two out of every three days were rainy, and it was not a gentle shower either, but a pelting rain that forced its way through the tents and trickled down on the upturned faces of the sleeping men. I say sleeping, for most of the rain came in the night. But let us return to the city itself. It has a population of about twelve thousand, half of whom are colored. It has one paved street, the rest being left to take care of themselves. And the condition of those streets! The rain turned them into pools of thick red mud, and if the sun did shine long enough to dry them off, the mud quickly became choking dust.

The camp was two miles from the city, and on the whole it was better to have it some distance away. Besides the Fifth there were the 201st New York and the Fourth Missouri, which together with the Fifth composed one

brigade. Another brigade was encamped on the other side of the city, and with this brigade was the division hospital.

After a few days of hard work, the men were all settled down and the regular routine commenced in earnest. The colored people swarmed about the camp, most of them after the soldiers' washing. No comparison can be made between the southern and the northern negro. They are as different from one another as two types of the same race can well be. They possess very little schooling, but nevertheless are very bright.

Thanksgiving in camp was a jolly time, though the regiment was so far from home. Turkeys with all the fixings, and good things of all kinds were sent from the north, and no one went hungry. Soon after the regiment arrived, lumber was sent with which to make wooden mess halls. Right merrily they went up and the increase of appetite caused by the hard work made the regular fare look somewhat small, and about this time there was considerable grumbling over the quantity of the food. However this was soon over. It has always caused a good deal of wonder that the government should have furnished wooden halls to eat in and left tents to be used for the regimental hospital. In fact the mess houses were used as hospitals during the awful weather that came in February.

There were two large Army Christian Commission tents, equipped with tables and games. In one of these was a piano, and in the other, paper and envelopes, together with pens and ink, were given out free of charge, and the amount of letters that would be written in that tent in one evening would have made most postmen gasp. It was a great sight to look in at the door of one of these tents at night, especially on a stormy evening, and there were many of the latter. As many as three hundred would be crowding around the tables, some reading the magazines furnished by the commis-



BAND CONCERTS, SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

sion, but the great majority writing letters. From the other tent there would come the sound of the piano, now and then accompanied by a song, and over all sounded the incessant clicking of the wooden pieces on the game boards.

Towards the middle of December it began to grow cold, and one night there was a grand freeze, accompanied by quite a snow fall. The men, awakened by the cold, either got up and ran around trying to keep warm, or else lay shivering in their tents while their love for their country oozed out through their finger tips and was frozen solid. The next morning it was a little warmer, and, as the snow had somewhat melted, there was a grand snowball fight near the band quarters, which lasted till sick call. That morning the saws and axes had a busy day with the woodpiles, which rapidly dimin-

ished in size. There is nothing like the conical iron stoves furnished the army by the government, for eating up the wood. Contrary to expectation, Christmas day was mild and pleasant, an ideal day for the games which were held in the afternoon and evening. That Christmas day was one long to be remembered. The Thanksgiving dinner, which had seemed bountiful at the time, sank into insignificance beside that dinner. After the dinner had had time to settle, came the games. There was a hundred yard dash, which was made in eleven seconds, also a wheelbarrow race, backward race of two hundred feet, and three legged race. A foot-ball game was held later in the afternoon between the right and left wings of the regiment, which was won by the left wing. In the evening gifts were given from a Christmas tree which had been erected in the after-



FUN IN CAMP.

noon, and directly after this came a color rush. A piece of bunting was tied on the flag pole about twelve feet from the ground, and eleven companies sent teams of eight men each into the contest. It was as bad as a cane rush for about fifteen minutes, but the contest was finally won by the team from Co. B, and the eight men were allowed to strip the Christmas tree of what was left on it — bills of various denomination, cake, tobacco, pies, and candy. After this was over, the men all went to the commission tents, where a contest was held for vocal and instrumental music, clog dancing, and speaking.

The weather was cold enough to grace New England; indeed it was the coldest winter that had been known in that part of the country for over thirty years. Wagons often had to be abandoned in the mud till more horses could be brought. The only way to get to the city on

foot was by the railroad track, which fortunately passed near the camp. Nor was the mud the worst part of it. Many of the men caught cold as the result of continued wettings, and this in many cases rapidly developed into pneumonia; and during the month of February six men died, five of them within a period of four days. So is it any wonder that the boys got downcast and kept hoping to be mustered out?

But this is the dark side of the picture. There was plenty of fun going on in camp. The particular delight of the boys was tossing the negroes up in blankets, and unlucky was the man who tried to resist. Sometimes the negroes failed them, and then they tossed one another up. Once they got hold of a colored woman and several of the officers rushed to stop the proceedings. The woman was barely saved, but she had a good scare.

Sunday was the day most welcome to the soldier. Those who wished, went to church, the services being held in the large Commission tents. Many got leave of absence for the day and visited friends in the city. Oftentimes the band gave fine concerts in front of the Colonel's headquarters on Sunday afternoons. The band of the Fifth was a most excellent one, and the boys used to enjoy most heartily the music which it discoursed. In the way of entertainments, mock trials, and so forth, were enacted by the men of different companies. It was in the evenings that the spirit of *bon camaraderie* asserted itself most strongly. I wish that all my readers could have looked into one of the tents on a good cold night. (Speaking of tents, by the term "one tent," we mean two tents joined together.) In the forward part of the tent was the conical iron stove, generally roaring cheerily, while crowded around it, the eight men who occupied that tent would be engaged in various occupations. On one side piled up in a large heap were the cotton bags, filled with straw, which served as mattresses. A small mirror generally hung from a nail on the back pole, while the kits of the men were scattered around in various places, in a system of organized disorder. For light, either lanterns, or candles, generally the latter, were used. The men themselves would be either playing

cards and talking over various matters of interest, or engaged in various household duties, such as the mending of different articles of clothing. When "taps" sounded at 9.30 the mattresses would always be found scattered over the floor with their respective owners lying upon them, rolled in their blankets to rest and to sleep.

Thus time went on, until, about the middle of March, the boys received official news that they would be mustered out the last of the month. There was a jubilee that day among the soldiers, for though they were eager and willing to get into the fighting, they were disgusted with the inactivity of camp life and were eager to get back north into "God's country" again, as soon as they saw that there was no chance of their getting into active service. On the 31st of March they were mustered out, each private receiving about eighty dollars, and corporals and sergeants receiving pay according to their rank. Although now private citizens, they came home in a body, and paraded before the Governor and his staff. So, after nine months of service under Uncle Sam, they once more became private citizens; all but thirteen. These had already been mustered in by the Great General and had entered the army of the great majority.

E. E. H., '03.



J O E ' S T R A N C E

A TRUE STORY.

JOE, although only twelve years old, was well along in his first year in Latin School.

It had been a new experience for him, the change from the ease of the Grammar School life, to the hard work of the out-of-course class, and toward the end of the year his interest in his studies began to flag. One morning, in the early part of April, feigning sickness, he received permission to return home. He left school shortly after nine o'clock, and started toward his home in South Boston. As he crossed the bridge at Dover street, and came to the railroad yard in which the empty cars were kept, his attention was attracted by the two old engines which stood in the yard at that time, and, as far as I know, are still on duty. These engines, having been built about the time of the flood, have long since been exempted from active service on the road, and were used to keep the empty passenger cars warm while they were in use. It was a trifle chilly, and it struck Joe that here was an excellent chance to see the old engines, and incidentally to get what he called a "shin-roast." Immediately, putting his thought into action, he made for the old veterans, and, after walking around them two or three times, was hailed by the engineer.

"Hey, Sonny! What are you doin' round here?"

"O," said Joe, "I was just looking at the engines."

"Is that so? What's your name?"

"Joe."

"That's a pretty good name, ain't it? Do you go to school?"

Joe, disdaining to answer the first question, said that he went to Latin School, and then, not being of a very bashful nature, he proceeded to scramble up into the cab, assisted by the engineer. He became so interested in the big

boiler, and the great glaring fire, the heat of which was so strong as to oblige him to turn his face away when the door of the furnace was opened, that he did not notice the time fly. At twelve o'clock, just as Joe was about to start for home, (not because he wanted to, but because his stomach told him he'd better), the engineer pulled out a big bag of lunch from under his seat, and offered Joe a share of his dinner. Joe's cup of happiness was filled to the brim. Taking into consideration the romantic situation in which he found himself, eating a strange man's dinner aboard a real engine, and adding to that the comfortable reflection that he would not have to go clear home for dinner, he was thoroughly satisfied with life, so satisfied, in fact, that he remained in his new quarters until three o'clock. Then, as he had in some measure lost his interest in his new friends, the engineer and his two iron charges, he began to think of home, and a shadow darkened his pleasure, as he remembered with some misgivings that the last thing the teacher told him was to bring a note the next day, stating what time he arrived at home. Realizing suddenly that he was in a sort of precarious position, he took a rather more hasty than dignified leave of the engineer, and started for home. As he was wondering what sort of explanation he could make for his absence from the world of school and home a brilliant idea struck him. The carrying out of the idea, however, would involve a rather reckless telling of falsehood, and as Joe was ordinarily a straightforward, honest boy, he hesitated about burdening his conscience with such a load. But the circumstances of his case deprived him for a time of his sense of right and wrong, and he succumbed to the temptation. Instead of continuing homeward, he turned off on to Dorchester avenue,

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and went on through what was Federal street, now a part of the same yard in which his escapade took place, to the corner of Summer and Federal streets, where he stopped and sat on a doorstep. Picking up a trade journal which he found lying on the steps, he read as much of it as was intelligible to him, and then, stuffing it into his pocket, after a space of about an hour, he started for home in real earnest. He arrived home about half-past six, and a dirtier, dustier, more forlorn-looking specimen of a boy it would be hard to find. He was pounced upon by his mother.

"Where in the name of goodness have you been 'til this hour?"

"I dunno," said Joe, "I guess I was in a trance."

"A trance," his mother fairly shrieked, "why what do you mean?"

"Well," said Joe, with a perfectly blank expression, "I started home from school about nine o'clock, and then, the next thing I know, I was down on Federal street on a doorstep."

Meantime his father had noticed the trade journal sticking out of his pocket, and glancing at it, recognized it as one of the organs of the leather trade. This seemed to substantiate the story, and his parents, thoroughly alarmed, sent immediately for a doctor. When that worthy arrived, Joe was stretched out on a lounge, and subjected to a thorough examination. After this the doctor plied him with questions as to the time he left school, the route he took, the places he visited, and so forth, to most of which Joe replied that he didn't know. The doctor concluded by asking him if he remembered seeing any particular object during his travels.

"O, yes," said Joe, "I saw a big coal-wagon," and produced as evidence a lump of soft coal which he had brought from the engines.

After asking many questions of Joe's parents as to his general health and his habits, the doc-

tor started to take his leave, and Joe, straining his ears, caught such fragments as, "If he were a little older," "great bluff," "good thrashing," "wonderful imagination," "worth money some day," and he knew that the doctor was wise. Concluding that the game was not worth the candle, Joe recovered speedily enough to go to school the next day, and he has never since been similarly afflicted.

NOTE: The historian of the events related above has been connected with the Latin School, either directly or indirectly, for six years. During that time, as far as he knows, no true story of a real, live, Latin School boy has until now appeared in the school paper. To his very intimate friendship with the hero (or villain, if you choose) of the story, who, although often pressed by his relatives for enlightenment, has never before granted it, the author is indebted for the true history of "Joe's Trance," and for the permission to publish the secret heretofore treasured by Joe and his four friends—The Historian, The Engineer, and The Two Old Engines.

J. A. F. '03.

SECURE.

On the seething billows onward is our life-boat
borne afar,
In the cloudy sky above us shines one bright,
undimmed star,
Like God's angel pure and white,
Watching o'er the stormy night,
Keeping all from harm and blight.

V. T. W., '04,

*Un arbre dont les branches etaient a huit
pieds du sol.*

A tree whose branches were eight feet from
the sun.

*Nuntius Anchisæ ad tumulum incensas perfert
naves.*

A messenger brought the burning ships to
the tomb of Anchises.

SUMNER THE IRREPRESSIBLE

"I SAY fellows, here comes Sumner," said Fred Grant to a crowd of fellows who were lounging around in his room in a well-known Eastern college.

"It seems impossible to squelch that Freshman," growled "Tot" Black, a burly Sophomore, who lay buried in pillows on a window seat.

"He certainly has an awful nerve and no amount of hazing seems to diminish it either," replied Grant.

"Let's wait till he comes up and then we'll pump him with questions and perhaps he may accidentally give us some hint as to how we may take him down a peg," he added.

Just then "Rippy" Sumner, Rippy being short for "Irrepressible," entered the room. He was tall and thin, and had curly brown hair. His face was handsome, though rather girlish, while his eyes were brown and had a determined look.

He hadn't been there ten minutes before the fellows had found out all they needed.

"Rippy" had just come from the Post Office. He had received a letter from a young lady friend, Miss Edgemont, saying that she was coming down to the college to see him. She wanted to see how the college really looked before Commencement began.

Incidentally she had sent him her picture, which "Rippy" proudly displayed to the envious crowd, for Miss Edgemont was certainly a beauty if she looked anything like her picture. Everyone admitted that.

In a short time Sumner went out. When they were sure that he was well out of hearing, the storm broke loose. Everyone began to express surprise at the top of his voice. No one could imagine how "Rippy" ever became acquainted with such a beautiful young lady.

When the uproar had subsided so that Grant could make himself heard he said:

"Fellows, I have a scheme, and if it succeeds it ought to make Sumner want to crawl into a hole and die. It's this: You know 'Rippy' said that his friend was coming on the 2.46 train Monday. Now I'll ask him to stay at my home, which you know isn't far off, over Sunday. Monday morning I'll take him out for a sail and I guess I can fix it so he won't meet his lady friend that day, anyway."

"Great," yelled the crowd, "go over and invite 'Rippy' down now. Just keep him away so he will miss the 2.46 and we'll meet the young lady ourselves."

And Grant dashed out after Sumner.

The room was soon cleared of fellows with the exception of one, who had been curled up in a corner apparently asleep. It was no other than Jim Seymour, a Junior, who had remained unnoticed during the excitement.

As soon as the room was clear, he got up and yawned, and remarking that he guessed he woke up at just the right moment, he went out. Although he was a Junior and Sumner was a Freshman, yet they were bosom friends. But the crowd, in their excitement, had forgotten all about that.

The next day, which was Saturday, Sumner went home with Grant. He stayed over Sunday and enjoyed himself immensely.

Monday morning dawned bright and fair, so Grant suggested a sail down the river. Sumner was delighted for he knew Grant owned a fine yacht and he had been longing for a sail in it.

They started down the river about half-past seven, with an ebb tide. On the way they passed many creeks leading up through the marshes and Sumner expressed a desire to sail up one of these, which was exactly what Grant was waiting and hoping for.

Accordingly, they started up the largest one with a fair wind. Sumner was so happy that he sang aloud. Every new bend in the creek

seemed to present a fairer scene. The boat was going beautifully, when there came a sudden jar, the boat stopped short, and Sumner, who was standing well up in the bow, was nearly thrown overboard.

"What's the matter?" he yelled to Grant.

"We are aground on a sand bar and if we are stuck as fast as I think we are we won't get off for about six hours."

"Gimme a pole," bawled "Rippy," excitedly, "and I'll push her off."

Accordingly he grabbed a boat hook and pushed with all his might, but in vain. The tide was running out very fast and they were soon high and dry, in the middle of the creek, the banks of which were so high that one saw nothing but mud and eel-grass roofed with a patch of blue sky.

But that was not the worst of it. The railroad station was miles away and it was now nearly ten o'clock. Poor "Rippy" was to meet Miss Edgemont at 2.46. The next train from Grant's home left at 1.15. If he could catch that he might meet Miss Edgemont at the Junction and go the rest of the way with her.

But alas, the tide wouldn't be in for six hours!

Poor Sumner was so disappointed that he couldn't eat a mouthful of the tempting lunch that Grant set before him. For Grant had come prepared to stay and meant to enjoy himself.

Sumner sat down on the bowsprit and gazed hopelessly at the mud. Not three feet away from the boat there was a strip of blue water that marked the channel. But there was no hope of getting the boat into that, so it only served as a torment to him.

In the meantime, Grant had finished his lunch and was getting ready to go to sleep. He advised "Rippy" to follow his example.

"Couldn't we get back if we had a row boat?" asked "Rippy."

"Yes, but we have no row boat here and I couldn't leave my yacht here if we had one," he answered, and added, "I'm going to sleep. Wake me up when the tide comes in."

In five minutes he was snoring.

"I wish I could take things that way," thought Sumner. He was a good-hearted chap and never suspected that it was all a trick.

So he sat down on the bowsprit again and looked longingly at the little strip of water not three feet away. The air was very still and there was no sound except Grant's snores and Sumner's sighs.

Suddenly he heard a new sound. It gradually became more distinct and then he recognized that it was the "chug-chug" of a naphtha launch. He nearly went mad with joy and was tempted to wake Grant up, but luckily forgot to in his excitement, for the launch came in sight around a bend in the creek and headed straight for the boat.

In the stern sat his Junior friend, Jim Seymour. He started to yell but Jim motioned him to keep silence, for he could see that Grant was asleep on the deck.

In less than no time he had taken "Rippy" aboard the launch, executed a skillful turn in the narrow channel and started for the main river. Just before he went around the bend he gave an awful whoop. Grant awoke with a start, but before he could fully realize what had happened the launch was beyond recall.

And then, since he was of a philosophic turn of mind, he sat down and smoked till the tide returned, musing, between the puffs, upon the peculiar appropriateness of the name "Sophomore," which means a "wise fool."

He did not go back to college until the next day and then he kept out of sight as long as he could. But the crowd found him at last, and after they had pounded him to their hearts' content, they pictured to him in vivid language the feelings they experienced, when, on going to the depot to inform Miss Edgemont that her "Rippy" had defaulted and left the town, they were greeted cordially by "Rippy" himself, accompanied by Miss Edgemont, and by Jim Seymour in the role of chaperon.

H. E. W. '03.

AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

PERHAPS you have not yet heard that I have obtained a position in one of the large department stores of the city. At any rate, such is the fact. I am receiving the munificent sum of five dollars a week for my services, with prospects of having my wages raised to ten dollars if I stay here a dozen years longer; also with prospects of receiving my dismissal whenever business is at all dull. Indeed, during a dull season, about a month ago, for two weeks the wages of everybody in the store were lowered ten per cent. About a week after this order was put into execution, I read in one of the city dailies that the proprietor of the store had given a thousand dollars to the Associated Charities. So you see I am working in a benevolent institution.

If I get a "pull," the chances are that I shall be a floor walker in two or three years. The old farmer did not make such a ludicrous statement after all, when he said he would like to be Mr. Push and Mr. Pull, because their names were on almost every door in the city. Mix a little "push" with a good-sized "pull," and your name will soon be conspicuous. At present, however, my outlook for a "pull" is not very dazzling. The floor-walker has already set his heart against me, and the superintendent of my department does not seem to have a very high opinion of my abilities.

I am working in the department in which duck, cretons, silkalene, gingham, and such stuffs are sold. A more miserable position cannot be imagined. I am the prey of a multitude of shoppers who make us pull down almost every article of goods from the shelf, and then go away without purchasing anything, or buy half a yard, oftentimes selecting from the piece which they saw first. Even if they do make that miniature purchase, they frequently have

the face to ask us to unfold the goods from the board on which it is wound, and *cut the amount they desire from the other end*, so that they may get a cleaner and less wrinkled half yard.

There is another class of shoppers that are highly amusing, and serve as an antidote to the tantalizing fuss-budgets of whom I have just spoken. These are the aristocratic ladies who pour into the store with their trailing skirts and haughty mien, escorted by pugs, bull-dogs, or terriers. I am informed that the force of floor-sweepers has been diminished since the fashion of wearing trains on the street has come into style; and one of the older clerks told me that some time ago a woman had a pug dog in the store whose tail curled up so tightly that it pulled his hind legs right off the ground. They both, however, sound like fish stories. But I will make a statement about which there is very little fiction. If every child in the world received as much care and attention as many dogs do, the earth would soon be a paradise. These dogs always remind me of a story of "Samantha's." She asked a woman how her children were, and the woman replied that she didn't know, but said that she sat up all night with her dog, and was worried to death over his condition.

For this sort of customer we have a trap laid in which they are very often caught. In one part of the counter we sell a piece of goods for twenty cents, in another the same goods for thirty cents, and in still another the identical article for forty cents. These pompous individuals invariably look with scorn upon the goods sold at twenty and thirty cents. They will have nothing but the best, and they get it (as they suppose).

The worst part of it is that some of our most agreeable customers are fooled by this bit of chicanery. We must stoutly maintain that

these goods are priced according to their quality, in spite of remonstrances. Indeed, lying is right in our line of business. I should have been discharged long ago had I haggled over a little prevarication. Hence the law: "If you would succeed in business, don't be over-fastidious about always telling the truth."

You have not been in the city for some time and I don't believe that you are familiar with the new-fangled gait that has been all the rage with the girls of late. Of all things which I see in this infernal store, this is the most amusing. It consists in a little inclination of the body forwards, a "six-footer's" stride, a crazy gesticulation of the arms, a strong-minded look, and a nonsensical girl. I am sorry the thing is going out of style, for it furnishes me so much first-class comedy.

A description of this place would be very incomplete without an account of our periodical fire sales. Whenever we get a large supply of stock on our hands which we cannot sell, we take it out in the back yard, turn the hose on the stuff, and advertise a fire sale. The whole city piles into the store, and oftentimes we sell the goods at a higher price than we do material of the same sort that comes directly from the shelves. Our "mark-downs" are about as much of fakes as our fire sales. They are as often as otherwise "mark-ups."

Some days ago I heard a fastidious little woman say that she never rode in trolleys for fear of germs, but always made use of her carriage. Yet she had stayed in the stifling air of this basement for the past two hours, wheer, of all places, one would suppose that those mysterious things would swarm. By the way, while I am speaking of germs, did you happen to see that editorial in one of the Boston dailies in which laziness was ascribed to a germ? So, if a man is lazy, he can't help it, but is the victim of a germ. A very handy theory. Considering the number of mortals on this earth that are afflicted with this disease, I should

think that this idea would become very popular.

Perhaps you will be interested to know something about the people under whom I work. The "boss" of my department, though no one would take him for an incarnated angel, is a good-hearted fellow, and usually minds his own business. At times, however, he makes himself too conspicuous. Whenever he gets it into his head that a customer is going to make a large purchase he comes tearing up to the counter, and, with a great bustle, with his coat-tails flying, bangs a thousand and one gingham down on the counter and spreads them out before the eyes of the shopper. Oftentimes the customer buys nothing and goes off, leaving the clerk exhausting his vocabulary of strong language because he has all those rolls to fold and put back on the shelves.

The floor-walker is one of those fortunate individuals who knows everybody else's business better than he does his own. It is surprising what a fool can be made of a man sometimes by giving him a Prince Albert coat and an official tag. No matter how insignificant the occasion, or how slight the offence, he is always present to show his authority, to bully the bundle girls, and to wrangle with the clerks. His voice is always the loudest when the crowd is the biggest. Usually the clerks pay no attention to him, but let him blow until he gets tired. Sometimes, however, they do fling epithets at him.

I must confess this is a most melancholy job. I am scratching with all my might to find another situation, and I have now something better in prospect.

E. E. B., '03.

Vous seras remis sous le joug.

You will be put back into the jug.

Æneas umeris abscindere vestem.

Æneas took his vest off his shoulders.

Un grande amateur de la paix.

A great collector of pieces.



G. EMERSON	H. E. WILSON	J. A. FITZGERALD	E. E. BRUCE	J. B. COOLIDGE
E. E. HOUSE, Editor-in-Chief	F. D. LITTLEFIELD, Business Manager			

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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FRANK D. LITTLEFIELD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
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J. A. FITZGERALD											
J. B. COOLIDGE											
G. EMERSON		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Associate Editors from Class II.

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JUNE, 1903

WE hope our readers will pardon us, if, in this, our last issue, we say something about ourselves. We have attempted to make the REGISTER a true school journal. We have tried to gather and print all news of importance, and we have attempted to draw out the literary talent of the school. How far we have succeeded, each must judge for himself. There will always be some who will have some fault to find, and, moreover, some men find fault with the very thing that others praise. To paraphrase President Lincoln's saying, "You can please all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't please all the people all the time." However, few complaints have been heard, and on the other hand commendation has been found in plenty. One thing there is which the present board of editors has striven for all through the year, and that one thing is to awaken a true school spirit, a spirit that will support everything pertaining to the Latin School from the foot-ball team down the long list of athletics, even to the course of studies offered here. In this we have not succeeded up to our hopes, but we can discern the beginning of such a feeling, though but a small one,

perhaps. We have tried to give the fellows a paper worthy of the Latin School, and, from comments which have appeared in some outside school papers, we think we have not altogether failed, though we may have fallen below our ideal. From the school at large we have received fine support and encouragement, support and encouragement which have enabled us to make great progress towards realizing our ideal, as to what a school paper should be. It is with a feeling akin to sadness that we write these last lines before introducing our successors. We have been in a position of responsibility, but the duty though arduous at times, has always been pleasant. However, this feeling of regret is much lessened when we see the list of editors for 1903-1904, and we feel sure that the former high standard of the paper will be upheld, nay even raised much higher under next year's board. Under the impetus of the last three volumes we shall expect our successors to edit a paper that will be a model for high school journals. The only position that rightfully belongs to the Latin School and its institutions is the leadership and we feel confident that the next year's board will place our paper in the highest position among school papers, if

it does not already hold it. With these few words, then, we quietly withdraw from these pages, with but one desire to be fulfilled, and that is, that you will support the REGISTER staff of 1903-1904 even more loyally than you have the editors of 1902-1903.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1903-1904.

Editor-in-Chief, GUY EMERSON.

Business Manager, JOSEPH BRADFORD COOLIDGE.

Assistant Editors.

VOLNEY THEODORE WITTER,

EDWIN WOODBRIDGE DARLING,

WILLIAM FRANKLIN TEMPLE, JR.

Assistants from next year's Class II. will be named at a later date.

One more year has passed us by, another summer has come for us to enjoy, and soon the members of B. L. S. will be all over New England, some never to return to the old school. That time of which we spoke so lightly last fall is now upon us, and we can no longer put off our final parting with *Alma Mater*. Perchance there are some who are glad to leave B. L. S. for good. The majority, however, we feel sure, cannot take their last look as a member of the school over these familiar and beloved walls without something of a pang. Most of us are going to college, and the majority of the college fellows are going to Harvard, where they will see a little something of one another. But the class is going to be broken up; of necessity some will pass out of our ken in a very short time. It is the parting that hurts. Probably very few of us have stopped to realize what graduation means. It means that we are no longer Latin School boys, no longer shall we hear our head-master read the Scriptures on Monday mornings before the assembled school, no longer shall we stroll up and down the

familiar corridors with our friends during the recesses. To be sure, we are members, or ought to be, of the Latin School Association, but that brings us little comfort. That cannot restore to us the familiar scenes or the friends we have made in this school, who have gone their ways while we went ours. We used to laugh when we were younger when we heard our elders exclaim, "How time flies." Now the laugh is on the other side, and we can but say, with those who have gone before, "Why, it seems only a little while ago that I was a little fellow just entering the Latin School." And it won't seem so very long before we have our college certificates in our hands. Truly, "*tempus fugit*." It is hard to say farewell, and yet it must be said. Only one thing we have to say to the younger fellows. Always remember that you are a member of the Boston Latin School, and that on you individually rests the responsibility of maintaining her good name.

The members of the first class held their first annual dinner at the Copley Square Hotel, Thursday evening, June 4. There was a large attendance and a good time was enjoyed by all. The Honorable Thomas A. Mullen gave us a pleasing after dinner talk. It is our present intention to hold these class dinners every year, and it is earnestly hoped that each member of the class will keep in touch with the secretary. And now, in bringing this, the twenty-second volume of the Latin School REGISTER to a close, our one sentiment is "Long live our B. L. S., and the class of 1903."

Lisbeth apporte les tasses sur un plateau.

Lizbeth brought the cups in on a plateau.

Changer les cours des astres.

To melt the hearts of the Astors.

Je me dressai sur une chaise.

I dressed myself on a chair.

PRIZE DECLAMATION

THE annual prize declamation was held in the hall, Friday, June 5. The names of the declamation winners as well as the names of the other prize winners, announced by Mr. Fiske June 5 are as follows:

I.

For Excellence in Classics.

Elmer E. House, Forrest F. Harbour, Joseph B. Coolidge, Aaron Prussian, Edwin W. Darling, Wilbur W. Parshley, Leon N. Alberts, Francis J. Connell, Henry T. Schnittkind, Louis W. Hickey, John C. Poland, Jr., Willard L. Mohorter, Joseph W. Finkel, William L. Metzger, Jr., Fabyan Packard, Saul Sharfman.

II.

For Excellence in Modern Studies.

Rufus C. Folsom, Quincy W. Wales, James P. O'Hare, Ralph M. Corson, Isaiah L. Sharfman, John B. Worcester, Marcus Horblit, Roswell T. Pearl, Charles R. Fisher, William A. Corley, Horace C. Nowlan, Abraham N. Wyzanski, Frederick H. Bond, Albert M. Bierstadt, Roger B. Hill, Herbert L. Pope, Harold L. Bowker.

III.

For Excellence in Declamation.

First Prize. Alfred L. Benshimol.

Second Prizes. Joseph S. Pfeffer, Edward E. Bruce.

Third Prizes. William A. Barrow, Isaiah L. Sharfman.

Special Prizes. E. P. Ilingworth; W. J. Bloom.

IV.

For Excellence in Reading.

First Prize. Joseph S. Pfeffer.

Second Prizes. Alfred L. Benshimol, Isaiah L. Sharfman.

Third Prizes. Elmer E. House, William A. Barrow.

V.

For Exemplary Conduct and Punctuality.

Elmer E. House, Carl S. Downes, Rufus C. Folsom, Leonard A. Doggett, John B. Worcester, Leon N. Alberts, Francis J. Connell, Roswell T. Pearl, Henry T. Schnittkind, Louis W. Hickey, William A. Corley, James Humphrey, Jr., Horace C. Nowlan, John C. Poland, Jr., Joseph W. Finkel, Albert M. Bierstadt, Harold A. Murch, Max Levine, Fabyan Packard.

VI.

For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity.

Arthur R. Taylor, Ralph D. Leonard, Carl L. Currier, Edwin T. Witherby, Stephen C. Rogers, Clare Wallace, Charles W. Brown, Averille D. Carlisle, Austin W. Cheever, Harrison G. Meserve, Earnest R. Wendemuth, Jr., James P. Foster, Thomas J. Lane, Jr., Thomas L. Redgate, Theodore F. Falvey, Frederick J. Whitelay.

VII.

For an English Poem. Charles E. Whitmore.

For an English Essay. Isaiah L. Sharfman.

For a Translation of Latin into English. Aaron Prussian, Maurice Grunberg.

VIII.

Gardner Prize.

For an English Essay, "American Dramatic Poetry." Carl S. Downes.

IX.

Additional Special Prizes.

For a Perfect Record of Attendance. William J. Foley, Frederick W. Newcomb.

For a Perfect Record in Deportment. Harry F. Gould, Quincy W. Wales.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

THERE was something the matter with *The Horse*; that was certain. Ever since his return from his visit to *The Puerp* (by the way, this Puerp is the son of the '01 Puerp) in New York he had been rather out of sorts. Whether it was the effects of his visit, or the fact that the baseball team had actually won a game, that distressed him, was hard to determine. The staff had treated him with all due respect, and could not be blamed for it. One day the E. I. C. noticed that *The Horse* was considerably larger than usual. That day was also a very warm one. Now putting two and two together, the E. I. C. came to the conclusion that it was the heat that was causing all the troubles of *The Horse*. Something had to be done, and that quickly. *The Horse* was but a shadow of his former self (how he could be any more of a shadow than he was at the start is a mystery, but anyway the phrase reads well, so we let it stand) and had been feeling so bad that he could not even help the E. I. C. with his Latin. The E. I. C. had lately become interested in a certain physical experiment which had suggested itself to his mind. The statement of the Physics instructor that gas lost one two hundred and seventy third of its original volume for every degree of temperature lower, had kindled in his brain a fierce desire to try this experiment. He would put *The Horse* to the cold test, and see if he could not freeze out the germs that had been causing all the trouble. Accordingly he procured a large glass case, a recording thermometer, and there he stuck. What could be found that would produce the degree of cold required? The E. I. C. was in a quandary. It was the B. M. that came to his rescue. The B. M. had been to a dance the night before and had been most cruelly cut by several old acquaintances of his that he had been introduced (of

course) to one evening at Franklin Field last winter. He still preserved the remembrance of the freezing looks he had been regaled with, and not even the brown, purple, white, and green stockings he wore in honor of a "five" he had received in a recitation the day before could prevent him from shivering in his shoes at the recollection of them.

"If you could get a couple of those looks, you could reduce even a lunch room bun to nothing," he said, "but I advise you not to try it. You're liable to suffer in handling them." Well, the E. I. C. thought well of the idea, so he went out on Boylston street the next day and had enough in a short time to freeze even the B. M.'s warm stockings of the day before. The test was applied that very afternoon before a very select audience, comprising the B. M. and the office cat. *The Horse* placed himself inside the glass case, and then two of the freezing looks were placed inside by the E. I. C., who had to handle them with gloves, so chilly were they. An immediate effect was noticed. Steadily *The Horse* grew smaller and smaller in size until he was about one quarter of his original bulk. Then the E. I. C. thought that things had gone far enough, but when he tried to lift the glass case, he found it was frozen down solid. All efforts to move the case were futile, and nothing seemed to prevent the cold process. During the excitement, *The Horse* had grown steadily smaller and smaller until finally the E. I. C. and the B. M. had to strain their eyes to see him, and in another minute he was gone. Then for the first time the B. M. noticed that the office cat had been eating one of the frozen looks which had been dropped by the E. I. C. in his excitement. The effect on the cat was peculiar. She raced around the room and finally rolled up in the money drawer, the contents of which, (the profits on this year's

“REGISTER”) amounting to \$2.62, immediately dwindled to \$1.31. But for an inspiration of the B. M. the office cat and the profits would have immediately followed *The Horse*. He put his feet, clad in red and yellow, over the cat and the money drawer, and the effect of the frozen look was immediately counteracted, and the cat resumed her former size, but the money did not; oh, no. Thinking that *The Horse* might be saved in the same way the B. M. rushed to the glass case. The case itself thawed out, but *The Horse* did not reappear.

Long and earnestly the E. I. C. and the B. M. worked, but no result was perceptible. Finally they gave it up and went home. And the last words of the E. I. C. to the B. M. were: “Well, anyway, I’ve proved that after a gas has been reduced to nothing it does not resume its original size nor does it even appear again. I’m sorry for *The Horse* though. *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis.*” This last was in a subdued whisper, and then the two separated and went home and spent three hours on their next day’s lessons.
E. E. H.



THE boys who studied their lessons Thursday night were agreeably surprised Friday morning to be greeted with such a fine day. Finer weather could not have been asked for, and the streets were, in most cases dry and clean. The regiments assembled early in Montgomery street and marched over the usual route to the common. Coming up School street in column of platoons we were reviewed by acting-mayor Doyle. We passed the state house in column of companies and everywhere B. L. S. received much praise for its fine work. The lines were as straight as could have been formed by a veteran regiment, and the salutes of the officers were timely and well-managed. On the common we formed line of masses and then were dismissed for “rations.” After a short recess, assembly was sounded and

soon we passed in review before the members of the school-committee, who had first given us a passing inspection. Once around the common and then we came home to lay away our swords and guns for another year, and for some of us, for good. Colonel Shanahan reviewed the Latin School regiment on Warren avenue in front of the school building, and then we were dismissed.

This year’s drill has been most satisfactory. A higher standard of efficiency was reached than ever before, and no one let up after the prize drill. The return from the common was one to be proud of; there was no “slouching,” no fooling of any kind. We meant business, and when the Latin School means business, things move. It only remains to wish succeeding officers and men all success.

J. A. Hayes of A Company has been appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant while W. W. Faunce of the same company is Sergeant-Major of the regiment. J. H. Hutchinson is 2nd. lieutenant in A Company instead of W. W. Faunce, as was reported in the April issue. One thing must not be omitted. The officers of the B. L. S. and E. H. S. battalions presented Col-

onel Benyon with a sabre on the morning of the parade, as a slight token of esteem. After mentioning this fact it may seem superfluous to state that Colonel Benyon has always had the respect and esteem of Latin School men. In after years the officers of certain out-of-town schools will be ashamed of their acts and will see that they acted as boys, not as men.

J O E ' S V I C T O R Y

IT was late in the baseball season. Delaney's "Prep." and Wilson Academy were private schools and belonged to a league in which by dint of hard work and skilful playing, both had worsted all their opponents. The game that was to decide which of the two schools could claim the championship had not yet been played, but was booked for a Saturday. The boys of each school were certain that their team would carry off the victory; indeed, the two teams were so evenly matched that it seemed impossible to tell which would win. Delaney's had rolled up a slightly larger total against the opposing teams, but Wilson's was known to be more steady and reliable. Delaney's hopes received a severe shock when Cook, the right-fielder and crack batsman, wrenched his ankle only two days before the game, in field practice. Cook's ankle was so badly twisted that it would be impossible for him to be in fit condition to play by the appointed time. Accordingly, there was nothing left to do but to put in Harrington, a substitute, a fellow who had been awarded the position solely because no one else had come out for it. Joe Harrington was a poor man for the place; that every one knew. His fielding at best was uncertain, and his hitting was much below the average. Nevertheless, on the day of the great game Harrington trotted out for preliminary practice with the rest of the team.

The bleachers and the grand-stand were crowded. Almost all of Delaney's men were present. It seemed as if they wished to make up for the weakness of their team by their strength in numbers.

A hushed expectancy hung over the whole field. Suddenly, from Wilson's side of the bleachers came an ear-splitting yell for Delaney's. As it ceased the Delaney's burst forth in an echoing cheer for their opponents. Although intense rivalry prevailed, it was evident that no ill will was felt on either side.

Soon the contest was underway. Delaney's went to bat first. In the first inning each side shut the other out. Delaney had no cause to test her fielders, for the pitcher, Bryce, struck out two men and the third knocked an easy grounder to short-stop, who put the ball over to first before the runner could reach the bag.

In the second inning things went differently. Wilson earned two runs and Delaney's but one. Joe was responsible for one of Wilson's scores. The ball which he had muffed had been a hard one to catch, and even if Cook had been there himself he would probably have missed it, but as Joe came in from the field black looks, which he did not deserve, were directed at him. These Joe pretended not to notice, but he *had* seen them, and felt rather miserable in consequence. The score now stood three to three.

In the fourth inning Joe was determined to

do something great. When he came to bat he gripped his stick nervously and waited. The first ball was an out ; he let it pass. One ball! The next was a straight one, and whistled over the plate. Joe struck at it, but he swung a little too slowly and missed. The third ball was an out-drop. It was just the kind of a ball that Joe was hoping for, and he caught it fairly and squarely. He started with the ball. He passed first, scudded down to second, and with blurred eyes saw the coach at third wildly beckoning to him, and he kept on. As in a dream he heard the yell from some unknown quarter, "Slide! slide!" He slid. The next moment he heard the thud of the ball in the third baseman's mit, and knew he was safe. He picked himself up with a grin, and lazily shook the dust from his suit. Then the coach began to rattle the pitcher.

"Well, now, I guess we've got 'em going. Come on there ; you're not chained to that bag ; take a lead ! That baseman couldn't catch the ball if it was handed to him ; come on ! Get back ! Get back ! Who-o-a ! Steady now ! Now !"

Joe heard the crack as the ball left the bat, and before he knew it he had crossed the plate, making his first run. The captain slapped him on the back. "That's the kind of work, old man," he said.

That was the only run made that inning.

In the fifth inning not a man of either side crossed the plate, and the score remained the same ; four to three in favor of Delaney's.

The next round was not an exciting one. By skilful base-stealing, and by placing their hits well the home team managed to eke out a single tally. When it was their turn to take the field, however, they grew careless, and counterbalanced this run by allowing Wilson to score once. In the seventh Delaney's braced up, made one run, and shut out their opponents. It began to look as if it was Delaney's game.

The eighth inning was but a repetition of the fifth. Each side shut the other out and the score again remained the same ; six to four for Delaney's.

The final inning opened with a rush. The first man at bat promptly struck out. The next knocked a high fly which was easily gathered in by the centre-fielder. Two men were gone. The third was more fortunate, reaching first on a grounder that was nuffed by the third baseman. The next batter was struck in the shoulder by the ball, and walked slowly down to first, thus forcing his predecessor round to second. The next player up was the captain of the team, who was regarded as a heavy hitter. After two balls and a strike were called on him, however, he scraped up a high foul, which was gathered in by the catcher. The side was now retired, and the chances of success for Wilson were better, but still far from bright.

The visiting team came in from the field with determination to win written on their faces. The Delaney's were equally determined that they should *not* win. The crowd in the grandstand favorable to Wilson Academy knew that that inning held their team's only hope of success, and accordingly kept up a continual series of yells, hoping to rattle their opponents. They did. Delaney's pitcher was nervous because he knew that a great part of the game depended upon him, and the yelling did not improve his condition. In consequence the first batter received his base on balls. This did not improve the pitcher, either. He grew wild, and the Wilson man on deck, who was a good hitter and a good waiter, found a ball exactly where he wanted it, and reeled off a two-bagger. There were now two men on bases, one on second, and one on third. This last hit had the effect of cooling the pitcher down somewhat, and he managed to strike out the two following batters. Things were now at the highest pitch of excitement. There

were two men out and two on bases. Joe Harrington, in his place at right field was very nervous. He felt himself trembling with excitement and kept clenching and unclenching his hands while he longed for a chance to do something. His chance was coming sooner than he knew! The very next batter hit the ball a hard crack which sent it soaring in a high fly. The two men on bases, knowing that their side was out if the ball was caught raced for home like mad. After an age, it seemed to him, Joe, who was playing back, dimly realized that the ball was coming in his direction, right into his hands, he thought. He was soon undeceived, for he saw that it would fall short of him, and that he would have to run in, and that quickly, if he expected to catch the ball. He *did* run, and it seemed as if he had on the wings of Mercury, but in spite of his swiftness he knew that he could not reach the ball in time, and just as the batter reached third and was speeding for home, he dived headlong in a frantic effort to catch it. He rolled over and came up, and the ball was tightly clutched in his hands! Then what a roar went up! It was as if the inmates of half a dozen asylums had broken loose and were trying to outdo each other in crazy actions. The captain of Delaney's team ran out to where Joe was still sprawling, helped him up, called him a great player and escorted him

in from the field, And yet, in spite of all the joy and hilarity displayed by the well-wishers of his school, Joe knew something that would change the gayety into silence and dismay. He knew, alone of all the crowd, that when he had dived forward for the ball, he had caught it, not on the fly, but on the pick up. And yet, what need was there to tell of it, when no one had seen, not even the umpire? Why should he tell of it, when simply by keeping quiet, he could have fame and glory in athletics? And if he should speak now he would be shamed, mocked, disgraced. Sharp as it was, this struggle between uprightness and dishonesty lasted only a moment. The next minute he had broken away from the captain, and was racing towards the umpire; in another it was all over, Wilson Academy had won by a score of seven to six, and Delaney's had lost.

Joe walked slowly from the field to the dressing-room, his head bent forward, and conscious of accusing words; some phrased differently from others, but all with the same meaning. "There's the fellow who lost the game." Suddenly those who were watching saw him throw back his head, square his shoulders and walk boldly from the field, for he knew that he had won a victory which was worth more than winning all the base-ball games in the world.

W. F. T. '04.

A T H L E T I C S

BASEBALL.

While the team did not win the championship, a thing which could hardly be expected of it, nevertheless it made a good showing, and came out tied for second place with "Hoppy" and C. L. S. Only hard luck kept us from a clear title to this position, as by all rights we should have defeated Cambridge Latin. Taking all the games, the team has an average de-

cidedly over .500. The standing of the different teams in the League is as follows:—

TEAM	WON	LOST	PER CENT
Newton	4	0	1,000
B. L. S.	2	2	.500
"Hoppy"	2	2	.500
C. L. S.	2	2	.500
Brookline	0	4	.000

The complete record of the team is as follows:—

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B. L. S., 1; Groton, 12.
 B. L. S., 7; Salem, 5.
 B. L. S., 0; B. N. S., 2.
 B. L. S., 12; R. H. S., 2.
 B. L. S., 4; Brookline, 0.
 B. L. S., 2; Newton, 13.
 B. L. S., 2; B. C. "Prep.," 20.
 B. L. S., 17; Arlington, 13.
 B. L. S., 10; "Hoppy," 5.
 B. L. S., 14; Norwood, 12.
 B. L. S., 5; C. L. S., 10.
 B. L. S., 15; Lynn Classical, 16.
 Games, 12.
 Won, 6.
 Lost, 6.
 Tied, 8.

B. L. S., 10; "HOPPY," 5.

May 19, we defeated Hopkinson by the score of 10 to 5. B. L. S. played well, and both pitchers were well supported. O'Donnell threw his arm out in the fourth inning, and House took his place. Grimes and Brown played well for "Hoppy," while Norton, Lane, and House excelled for B. L. S. The score:—

BOSTON LATIN

	bh	po	a	e
Rogers, zb.....	0	1	1	0
Wennerberg, 3b.....	1	2	0	0
Mahan, ss.....	0	0	2	0
O'Donnell, p., lf.....	1	1	0	1
House, lf., p.....	4	0	2	0
Norton, c.....	2	13	3	0
Barnet, 1b.....	1	6	0	0
Fitzgerald, rf.....	1	2	1	0
Lane, cf.....	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	10	27	9	1

HOPKINSON

	bh	po	a	e
Barnes, 3b.....	1	0	0	0
Grimes, p.....	2	0	1	0
Hall, ss.....	3	7	1	3
Brown, c.....	1	8	4	0
Benton, 1b.....	1	5	0	0

Hammond, c.....	1	1	0	0
Orr, lf.....	0	1	0	0
Sulner, zb.....	1	1	3	1
Fowle, rf.....	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	10	24	9	5

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston Latin.....	5	0	1	0	0	0	2	2	—10
Hopkinson.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	—5

Runs made, by Rogers, Wennerberg, 2, Mahan, O'Donnell 2, House 2, Norton 2, Barnes 2, Grimes 3. Two-base hits, Wennerberg, Barnes. Three-base hit, Hall. Home run, Grimes. Stolen bases, Mahan, O'Donnell 2, Fitzgerald, Lane, Barnes 2, Grimes, Hall. Base on balls, off House, off O'Donnell 3, Grimes 5. Struck out, by House 5, by O'Donnell 6, Grimes 9. Sacrifice hits, Mahan, Hall. Double play, Sulner (unassisted). Hit by pitched ball, Barnes, Fitzgerald. Wild pitch, Grimes. Umpire, Mahoney. Time, 2h 15m.

C. L. S., 10; B. L. S., 5.

May 26, C. L. S. defeated us in a game replete with excitement. Cambridge Latin got on to House and made seven runs in the eighth inning. For us Wennerberg and Lane excelled; Brennan and Keihler carried off the honors for C. L. S. The score by innings:—

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. L. S.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	7	x—10
B. L. S.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	1—5

TENNIS.

A tournament has been arranged, and N. Niles, the champion of the school, has challenged the winner. The results will be obtained too late to be printed in this number, but we hope that the best man wins.

THE CREW.

Wednesday, May 27, our crew won first place in its trial heat against E. H. S. and Roxbury High. There was considerable delay

at the start owing to a broken rudder line on Roxbury Latin's boat. Finally R. L. S. had to drop out of our heat, and the other three boats got away. We led all the way and were an easy winner. E. H. S. who came second was two lengths behind us, while Roxbury High was a length behind E. H. S. The time was 5 min. 42 sec.

Saturday, May 30, the finals were held. Boston Latin, Nobles & Greenough, Cambridge Latin, and Waltham had qualified for this race. The start was delayed nearly an hour. Finally the boats got away in a bunch, with B. L. S. second from the wall. There was not more than half a length's difference between the positions of any of the boats till the home stretch was reached. When the final spurt was called for Edwards came in too strong and consequently gave out a short distance from the finish. Noble & Greenough's was also out of it.

Cambridge Latin and Waltham rowed a fine race and Cambridge Latin won by less than a foot. Noble & Greenough came in third, while we captured fourth place without much difficulty. We had a sort of feeling that we might win this race, but the gods were against us and we shall have to wait till next year.

THE CREW.

NAME	POS.	AGE	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	CLASS
Comstock	Bow	17	130	5-10	II
McMichael	2	19	158	5-10	I
Roche	3	19	172	6-2	III
Edwards (c)	Str.	17	154	6-1	II
Daly	Cox.	12	89	4-10	V

GOLF.

The first class has organized a golf team, and has carried on a most successful campaign. The scores of the games are as follows:—

B. L. S., '03, 15; Wachusett A. A., 0.
 B. L. S., '03, 12; B. L. S., '06, 7.
 B. L. S., '03, 3; Algonquin A. A., 5.
 B. L. S., '03, 7; Algonquin A. A., 15.
 B. L. S., '03, 2; Wachusett A. A., 2.
 B. L. S., '03,

Last Fall one game was played, B. L. S. '03, winning 9-6. The fellows who play on the team are as follows: Newcomb, Downes, House, McAvoy, Wilson, Middleton.

The fourth class team has also played several games, the results of which are as follows:—

B. L. S., '06, 6; B. L. S., 9.
 B. L. S., '06, 15; Wachusett A. A., 15.
 B. L. S., '06, 7; B. L. S., '03, 12.

The makeup of the team is as follows:—Atwater, Adams, Keefe, Ayer, House, Wood.

The Golf Team is now playing well. Atwater and Newcomb are playing the best game and their scores are not far from bogey. We have fine material for a good team next year under White as Captain.

Our first defeat was at Arlington, May 1, when we were beaten quite badly.

Brown and Nichols were played May 8, as follows:—

Boston Latin *vs.* Brown and Nichols.

E. G. White, 0;	Macdonald, 2.
C. Atwater, 0;	Bowker, 8.
S. Newbomb, 0;	Livermore, 0.
N. Ayer, 0;	Jones, 6.
—	—
0	16

May 11, Newton High won from us 28-0.

Boston Latin *vs.* Stone's, May 25.

C. Atwater, 0;	Bull, 6.
C. Downs, 0;	Foster, 8.
E. G. White, 0;	Packard, 7.
C. Adams, 2;	Clarke, 0.
—	—
2	21

May 30, Middlesex defaulted to us and we won, 12-0.

June 1 High School defaulted to us. We won 12-0.

Voici vraiment la misere sans secours d'argent!

Here is a true miser without the aid of money!

Latin School Register 27

COLLEGE NOTES

The Dartmouth tennis team defeated Williams and Wesleyan in a tri-collegiate tennis tournament at Middletown. Wallis, B. L. S., '01, and Stevenson, R. L. S., '01, comprise the Dartmouth team. Wallis played the singles, and Wallis and Stevenson the doubles. Dartmouth won all four matches.

"Muggsy" McGrath won his "D," by catching in the Brown-Dartmouth baseball game.

Charley French, B. L. S., '02, is playing third on the Dartmouth Freshman team.

Wallis is president of the N. E. I. L. T. A., and also of the Dartmouth Tennis Association. He is, besides, treasurer of the Tri-Collegiate Lawn Tennis Association.

The fifth debate in the series between Harvard, '06, and Exeter Academy was held at Exeter, May 8, 1903. Mr. J. N. Chadwick officiated as one of the judges. By winning this debate Harvard, '06, wins the series, 3-2.

Le chien était sec et nerveux.

The dog was dry and nervous.

The copy of the picture of the faculty which we present this month was presented to the Bangor High School by Mr. Robinson, one of our masters. Mr. Robinson is an alumnus of this high school, of the class of '72. Mr. Jones is also an alumnus, class of '73. Mr. Robinson has kindly permitted us the use of his picture in order to make the half-tone.

The Drum Corps gave a very creditable exhibition at the suburban drill.

Galvin and Schwartzburg, B. L. S., '02, were on the Harvard '06 Lacrosse team.

Guild and Kellogg, both B. L. S. men, are rowing on the Harvard Freshmen crew.

D. J. Hurley, B. L. S., '01, made the Harvard Varsity foot-ball team last fall.

Lauriston Ward, B. L. S., '99, won the second Bowdoin prize at Cambridge.

Thurman, Williams and Johnston, old B. L. S. men, each won a Boylston prize.

Il couchait au milieu de ses livres épaillés.

He was lying among his liver scattered about.

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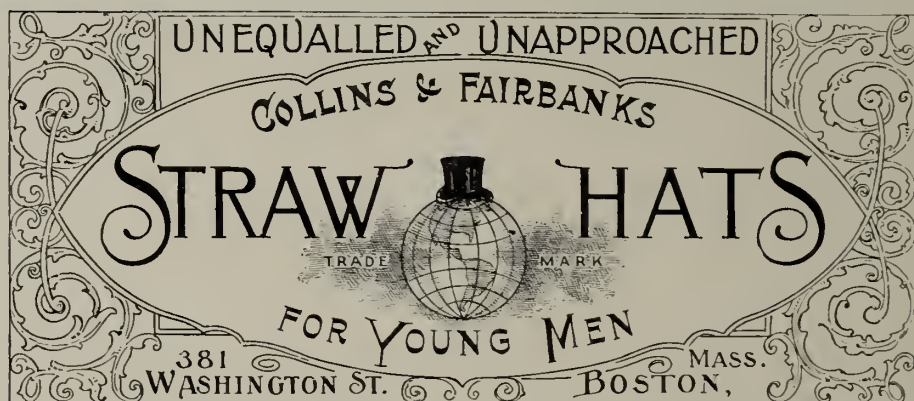
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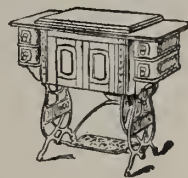
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